

GITA GOVINDA

Shri Jayadeva's
GITA GOVINDA

THE LOVES OF
KṚSHṆA & RĀDHĀ

Rendered from the Sanskrit
and illustrated
by

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MAHARAJA RAJA RAJA RAJA

KUTUB

10.729

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G. K.

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TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

As a love poem, and something between a lyric and a drama, the Gita Govinda stands unrivalled in Indian literature. The following work is a complete English version of this celebrated Sanskrit poem.

An endeavour has been made here to give a rough idea of the rhythm of the songs, as much, that is, as English syllables will permit—a literal rendering is impossible because English syllables are very different from the clear and consistently decisive syllables in Sanskrit. But in order to avoid too much freedom of translation and, in English, too great a sense of monotony, the rhymes have not been attempted.

The author of the Gita Govinda, Shri Jayadeva, lived in the beginning of the 12th century of the Christian era. His birth-place was Kenduli—the Kindubilva of the poem—in Bengal, and his parents were Shri Bhojadeva and Rámádeví. He was the court poet of Lakshmanasena, the last Hindu King of Bengal and a very devout adherent of the Vaishnava cult, for at one time he nearly renounced the world for a life of asceticism, and it was only through divine intervention, it is said, that he decided to marry and remain a householder. Shri Kṛṣṇa himself is supposed to have written for him a great deal of the poem. It is related, among the many legends about him, that the Ganges changed its course in order to flow near his house and enable him to bathe more conveniently in his old age.

The poet is publicly venerated to this day in Bengal, and a regular pilgrimage, on occasion, is made to his birthplace at Kenduli. But it is only through the Gita Govinda that he is known. The rest of his work seems to have been lost through his having resorted there to the Prakrit dialect.

The theme of the poem is Virahādukkha or the pain of separation in love ; and seldom in Indian literature has this subject been presented so simply and at such length. There is no deviation, however, from those highly conventionalised expressions of emotion which must often seem strange to those to whom the sentiment of love has not the prestige of ancient tradition as in India, where the highest sensibility and the tenderest emotion and the most devoted attachment—at the cost sometimes of life itself—is possible without the adventitious aid of the mystical element, vague, indirect, aimless, and which separates the “carnal” from the spiritual. The physical aspect here is not something distinct from the spiritual, nor is it on that account a parallel in any sense whatever to the sort of love that is sexual in the manner of the “Ars Amatoria” and other such expressions of “profane” love in Europe. But on the contrary there is the endowment of the physical side with all the real and enduring qualities of the spiritual—a kind of synthesis not to be confused with the pathetic attempts at a synthesis to be found in modern guide books, religious and otherwise, to a happy state of matrimony. So that there is, in consequence, nothing trivial : the most fugitive emotion in love is important, and any little gesture or physical sensation ; and the relationship and association of the surroundings—trees, flowers, birds—and the suitable hours and seasons, and the bodily adornments and the use of unguents and perfumes—and all this becomes typified. The conventions are an expression of emphasis ; and the high artificiality or Alamkāra—so misjudged

sometimes by Oriental scholars in Europe—is nothing but the only possible form of expression for such a realisation of the sentiment of love as it is known in Hindu India, basically so true to this day wherever there has been no shallow westernisation or complete divorce from tradition.

The hero of the Gita Govinda, Shri Kṛṣṇa—whose amours are celebrated in this poem—was of the Yadu clan of the Rajputs. He was an incarnation of the god Vishnu, and he originally lived among herdsfolk, himself a herdsman, hidden away since his birth from his uncle, Kamsa, the unjust and cruel king of Mathura, who was destined to die at the hands of this nephew of his. Kṛṣṇa, as in the following poem, is also known as Vāsudeva, Govinda, Hari, Keshava, Mādhava, Nanda's son, Devaki's son, etc., and as the destroyer or enemy of Kamsa, and such demons as Mura, Madhu, Keshi, Kuvalayapida and others. He was, as his name describes, dark in complexion, blue, like a storm cloud, being an incarnation of Vishnu. The personality and symbolism of this much loved deity, and the great Bhakti cult, were in times past among the most powerful and beautiful reactions, on the part of the people of India, to the bloodless abstractions of the Brahmins.

GEORGE KEYT

*Bombay,
October, 1947.*

GITA GOVINDA

Prelude

Fixed on the points of your tusks the earth did dwell
 Resembling the digit of the moon,
 O Keshava, you in the form of a boar—
 Be triumphant, Hari, lord of the world !

Your lotus hand had a wonderful tip on the nail
 Which tore, as a bee, Hiranyakasipu,
 O Keshava, you in the man-lion form—
 Be triumphant, Hari, lord of the world !

Bali you bravely deceived, O wonderful dwarf,
 Cleanser of people through the sweat of your toe nails,
 O Keshava, you in the form of the dwarf—
 Be triumphant, Hari, lord of the world !

In a bath of the water of warrior-blood the world
 You washed of its sin, allaying Life's fever,
 O Keshava, you as the Lord of Brighis—
 Be triumphant, Hari, lord of the world !

In battle you offered around to the gods of the quarters
 Ravana—sacrifice pleasing, desirable—
 O Keshava, you with the body of Rama—
 Be triumphant, Hari, lord of the world !

A blue robe you wore on your pure bright body like Jamna
 Arrived through fear of being killed by the plough,
 O Keshava, you as Balarama—
 Be triumphant, Hari, lord of the world !

You despised all the Veda where slaughter of cattle is taught
 As ritual, O you of merciful heart,
 O Keshava, you in the form of the Buddha—
 Be triumphant, Hari, lord of the world !

**Destruction of Naraka, Madhu, and Mura, the Garuda bird your
Cause of the play of the heavenly clan, seat,
Victorious be, O Hari !**

Whose eyes are spotless petals of lotus, Cause of the triple earth,
Liberation from existence,
Victorious be, O Hari !

Adorned through whom was Jánaka's daughter, through whom
 was Dúshana killed,
 Through whom in battle the ten-necked ended,
 Victorious be, O Hari !

In charm as a youthful autumn cloud, who seized the Mandara
hill,
Whose fair moon-face resembles the moon-bird's,
Victorious be. O Hari !

Think in this wise, that we at your feet lie prostrate, fallen,
Prosperity, welfare make for us all !
Victorious be, O Hari !

This glowing song, auspicious blessing, causing pleasure and
gladness,
Was made by the poet Shri Jayadeva.
Victorious be. O Hari !

❖ ❖ ❖

May that bosom—manifest passion—impressed, in embrace,
With the saffron mark of Lakshmi's full and palpitant breasts,
That bosom, full of the sweat of exertion of passion,
The bosom of Vishnu, lead your desire to satiety !

I Samódhadamódharah



In spring to Rádhá who walked the forest, given to following
Kṛshṇa,
 Rádhá whose limbs were tender like flowers in spring,
 Whom torture of maddening thoughts through the fever of love
 Hindered in movement, a friend thus tastefully said :

**1. To the melody Vasanta and the
 accompaniment Yati.**

In spring when tender Malayan breezes fondle the beautiful
creepers of clove
 And huts and bowers resound with the mingled noise of bees
and kókila birds,
 Hari here in the forest dwells, in eager dance with the women
folk—
 It is hard to endure being parted in spring, my friend !

In spring when the women of absent traders wail and lament,
distracted with love,
 When swarms of bees on the tidy bakula branches fill the
clustering flowers,
 Hari here in the forest dwells, in eager dance with the women
folk—
 It is hard to endure being parted in spring, my friend !

In spring when the violent odour of musk is the scent of the
tender tamála sprout,
 When the colour of kimsuka flowers, the nails of the love
god's fingers, tears young hearts,
 Hari here in the forest dwells, in eager dance with the women
folk—
 It is hard to endure being parted in spring, my friend !

In spring when the love lord's golden staff is seen in the colour
of keshara flowers,
When bees which come to the clustering pátala make that
flower the quiver of love,
Hari here in the forest dwells, in eager dance with the women
folk—
It is hard to endure being parted in spring, my friend !

In spring when youthful karuna trees* look laughing at those
who lose their shame,
When spear-shaped boughs are studding the quarters, piercing
those who are parted from love,
Hari here in the forest dwells, in eager dance with the women
folk—
It is hard to endure being parted in spring, my friend !

In spring—the natural friend of the young—charming with
fragrance of mádhaviká,
And the jasmine scent, overpowering, swaying with folly the
minds of even the sages,
Hari here in the forest dwells, in eager dance with the women
folk—
It is hard to endure being parted in spring, my friend !

In spring when blossoming mangoes thrill to the clasp of the
tremulous vernal creepers,
When the Vṛndávan forest is cleansed by the water of Jamna
meandering through the wood,
Hari here in the forest dwells, in eager dance with the women
folk—
It is hard to endure being parted in spring, my friend !

* The karuna trees with their white blossoms.

This, the description—the forest in spring-time, delightful—
threaded with phases of passion,

The purpose of which is to recollect Hari, wells up in utter-
ance of Shri Jayadeva.

Hari here in the forest dwells, in eager dance with the women
folk—

It is hard to endure being parted in spring, my friend !

Attended by scent of opening ketaki flowers, clothing the
forest with robes of silk—

Pollen of clove vines—the wind here burns the heart like the
gushing forth of the love god's life.

These days—when feverèd ears re-echo with low-toned kókilas,
crying of pigeons

In play on mango sprouts shaken by bees gone greedily there for
the smell of the honey—

These days the travelling traders somehow spend, whose
religious hour of thought

Is given to memoried feelings of union with absent women
dear as their lives.

To Rádhá this friend who was close to her spoke again pointing
out Kṛṣṇa who stood within sight,

Agitated through clasping so many women, eager for rapturous
love.

2. *To the melody Ramakārī and the accompaniment Yati.*

Sandal and garment of yellow and lotus garlands upon his
body of blue,

In his dance the jewels of his ears in movement dangling over
his smiling cheeks.

Hari here disports himself with charming women given to love !

The wife of a certain herdsman sings as Hari sounds a tune of
love

Embracing him the while with all the force of her full and
swelling breasts.

Hari here disports himself with charming women given to love !

Another artless woman looks with ardour on Kṛṣṇa's lotus face
Where passion arose through restless motion of playful eyes
with sidelong glances.

Hari here disports himself with charming women given to love !

Another comes with beautiful hips, making as if to whisper a
word,

And drawing close to his ear the adorable Kṛṣṇa she kisses
upon the cheek.

Hari here disports himself with charming women given to love !

Another on the bank of the Jamna, when Kṛṣṇa goes to a
bamboo thicket,

Pulls at his garment to draw him back, so eager is she for
amorous play.

Hari here disports himself with charming women given to love !

Hari praises another woman, lost with him in the dance of love,
The dance where the sweet low flute is heard in the clamour
of bangles on hands that clap.

Hari here disports himself with charming women given to love!

He embraces one woman, he kisses another, and fondles another
beautiful one,

He looks at another one lovely with smiles, and starts in
pursuit of another woman.

Hari here disports himself with charming women given to love!

May all prosperity spread from this, Shri Jayadeva's famed
and delightful

Song of wonderful Keshava's secret play in the forest of
Vṛndāvana!

Hari here disports himself with charming women given to love!

* * *

With his limbs, tender and dark like rows of clumps of blue lotus
flowers,

By herd-girls surrounded, who embrace at pleasure, any part
of his body,

Friend, in spring beautiful Hari plays like Love's own self

Conducting the love sport, with love for all, bringing delight
into being.

The wind from the Malayan range seeks Shiva's mountain,
to plunge in its coolness,

As if tortured by heat from the coils of the serpents dwelling
there in its caves*

And the voices, low-toned and loud, of the kókilas "kuhuh,
kuhur"

Delightedly crying at sight of the buds on smooth mango-
summits.

* By reason of the Sandal Trees, among the roots of which Snakes live.

May the smiling captivating Hari protect you, whom Rádhá,
 blinded by love,

Violently kissed as she made as if singing a song of welcome
 saying,

"Your face is nectar, excellent," ardently clasping his bosom
 'n the presence of the fair-browed herd-girls dazed in the sport
 of love !

II Akleshakeshavah



In careless love with any among the herd-girls when Hari dwelt
 in the forest,
 Rádhá, gone elsewhere, through broken pride and jealousy,
 gone to a thicket of creepers
 Noisy above with the humming of swarms of bees encircling
 over,
 Rádhá, hidden away and wasted in body, secretly said to her
 friend :

*1. To the melody Gurjara and the
 accompaniment Yati.*

I remember Hari, the jests he made, who placed his sport in the
 pastoral dance,
 The sweet of whose nectar of lips kept flowing with notes of his
 luring melodious flute,
 With the play of whose eyes and the toss of whose head the
 earrings kept dangling upon his cheeks.

I remember Hari, the jests he made, who placed his sport in the
 pastoral dance,
 Whose hair was encircled above with a circle of peacock feathers
 with moonlike eyes,
 Whose beautiful form was a heavy cloud with a perfect rainbow
 coloured above.

I remember Hari, the jests he made, who placed his sport in
 the pastoral dance,
 Who had a desire for kissing the mouths of the gópi women with
 ample hips,
 Hari whose sprout-like lips were flowers of banduj(va, fair with
 his smile.

I remember Hari, the jests he made, who placed his sport in
the pastoral dance,
Whose thrilled and sprout-like arms with their hairs upstanding
resembled the thousands of girls
Around him, Hari who smote the night with the many gems on
his hands and feet.

I remember Hari, the jests he made, who placed his sport in the
pastoral dance,
Whose brow had a perfect sandal spot, as among dark clouds the
disc of the moon,
Whose door-like heart was without pity when crushing the
bosoms of swelling breasts.

I remember Hari, the jests he made, who placed his sport in
the pastoral dance,
Allaying their fear of sin who gathered together under the
Kadamba tree,
Pleasing me with his mind, with quivering looks as of bodiless
Love* embodied.

I remember Hari, the jests he made, who placed his sport in
the pastoral dance,
To whom recollection among the good the song now of Shri
Jayadeva induces,
Recollection devout, Hari with Vishnu's deluding and
charmingly lovely form.

Desire even now in my foolish mind for Kṛṣṇa,
For Kṛṣṇa—without me—lusting still for the herd-girls !
Seeing only the good in his nature, what shall I do ?
Agitated, I feel no anger ! Pleased without cause, I acquit him !

* When Kama the love god was reduced to ashes by Shiva he was known as Ananga,
bodiless.

**2. To the melody *Málavagauda* and the
accompaniment *Ekatáli*.**

O make him enjoy me, my friend, that haughty destroyer of
Keshi, that Kṛṣṇa so fickle,
Me who in darkness, unseen, to a thicket for house, departed
with him,
Dwelling concealed in a secret place with him, only to lose him
thereafter
And wander in anxious quest all over for him who laughs out his
love.

O make him enjoy me, my friend, that haughty destroyer of
Keshi, that Kṛṣṇa so fickle,
I who am shy like a girl on her way to the first of her trysts of
love,
He who is charming with flattering words, I who am tender
In speech and smiling, he on whose hip the garment lies loosely
worn.

O make him enjoy me, my friend, that haughty destroyer of
Keshi, that Kṛṣṇa so fickle,
Me whose couch was of tender shoots beneath me, my bosom
itself
For long which served as a bed for him, for Kṛṣṇa the lips of
whose mouth
Resembled a drink in kissing me, clasped while we were in each
other's embrace.

O make him enjoy me, my friend, that haughty destroyer of
 Keshi, that Kṛṣṇa so fickle,
 Me who sweated and moistened all over my body with love's
 exertion,
 That Kṛṣṇa whose cheeks were lovely with down all standing
 on end as he thrilled,
 Whose half-closed eyes were 'anguid, and restless who was in his
 brimming desire.

O make him enjoy me, my friend, that haughty destroyer of
 Keshi, that Kṛṣṇa so fickle,
 Me whose masses of curls were like loose-slipping flowers, whose
 amorous words
 Were vague as of doves and kōkila birds, that Kṛṣṇa whose
 bosom is marked
 With scratches, surpassing all in his love that the science of love
 could teach.

O make him enjoy me, my friend, that haughty destroyer of
 Keshi, that Kṛṣṇa so fickle,
 To whose act of desire accomplished the anklets upon my feet
 bejewelled
 Vibrated sounding, who gave his kisses seizing the hair of the
 head,
 And to whom in his passionate love my girdle sounded in elo-
 quence sweet.

O make him enjoy me, my friend, that haughty destroyer of
 Keshi, that Kṛṣṇa so fickle,
 Whose lotus eyes had closed a little, and who had drowsily
 grown—
 Having tasted in bodily pleasure with me the shattering thrill in
 the end,
 With me whose vine-like body collapsed, unable to bear any
 more.

O make him enjoy me, my friend, that haughty destroyer of
 Keshi, that Kṛṣṇa so fickle,
 And may he playfully make more pleasure, sung here by
 Shri Jayadeva
 Describing his many and endless amours with amorous gópi
 women.

In the forest I see—I am thrilled—Govinda surrounded by
 herd-girls, his love-flute fallen ;
 At the girls with their arched eyebrows glancing, Govinda moist
 with sweat on his cheeks,
 At seeing me an embarrassed nectar of a smile on his sweet face.

In the distance, my friend, the sight of the clustering buds of
 ashoka creepers distresses,
 And the wind from over the gardens and lakes, and the opening
 of buds on the mango tops
 Alive with the humming of bees ; so pleasant, no pleasure to me.

May Kṛṣṇa in this his unusual aspect, gazing a long while into
 the mind,
 Cleanse you of that sin which is seen in the pleasure of infatuated
 hearts
 And in the meaning smiles and loosening dishevelled hair, in the
 gleam of the surging of herd-girls,
 In their wanton raising of arms above their arm-pits to display
 their breasts.

III Mugdhamadhusúdanah



Kamsa's enemy, abandoning the herd-girls, placed Rádhá in his
heart,
Rádhá as a chain through relation to the robe of the world,
Shri Kṛṣṇa.

Kṛṣṇa repentant, his heart scarred by shafts of the love god,
went about looking for Rádhá,
Searching all over, full of dejection, he went to a bower on the
banks of the Jamna.

***1. To the melody Gurjari and the
accompaniment Yati.***

Rádhá so deeply wronged, troubled to see me surrounded by
women,
She went, and I, in the fear of my guilt, made no attempt to
stop her.
Alas, alas, she is gone in anger, her love destroyed !

Parted so long, now what will she do if I see her ? What will
she say ?
What of wealth any more ? What use of the herd-girls ? Why
continue to live ?
Alas, alas, she is gone in anger, her love destroyed !

I think of that face of hers, wrathful, eyebrows crooked, knitted
in anger,
A crimson lotus clouded beneath the bees which keep hovering
over it !
Alas, alas, she is gone in anger, her love destroyed !

She who has come to my heart, I sport her always with warmth
and fervour.

Why follow her here in the forest now ? Why mourn in vain and
lament ?

Alas, alas, she is gone in anger, her love destroyed !

O my slender one, I imagine your heart is dejected through anger
of me—

I cannot console you kneeling in homage, I know not where to
find you !

Alas, alas, she is gone in anger, her love destroyed !

As if inconstant, coming and going, so you appear before me.
The ardent embrace you used to give me, O why not give it
again ?

Alas, alas, she is gone in anger, her love destroyed !

If you pardon me now I shall never repeat this neglect of you
ever—

O beautiful, give me your pleasure again, I burn with desire !
Alas, alas, she is gone in anger, her love destroyed !

This of Hari alone is a song by the famed Jayadeva,
Who arose, as out of the ocean the moon, from the village of
Kindubilva,

Alas, alas, she is gone in anger, her love destroyed !

Not the king of serpents this lotus necklace upon my bosom,
Not the gleam of poison upon my neck this chain of blue lotus,
Not ash this unguent of sandal dust upon me ;
Mistake me not for Shiva,* O love god, assail not me !

* Allusion to Kama's assault on the ascetic God in order to inflame him with love
for Parvati.

IV Snigdamadhusúdanah



In a bamboo clump by the side of the Jamna
 To Mád hava seated troubled and sad
 Little Rád há's confidante said :

*1. To the melody Karnate and the
 accompaniment Ekatáli.*

She despises using her unguent of sandal, she is pale as moon-
 beams, she discovers sorrow,
 Frail she grows, intangible ; Malayan breezes act like poison
 upon her.
 She fears an attack of Love upon you, and lies away hidden ;
 She wastes away, Mád hava, parted from you !

Armour she makes of tender lotus garlands to hide her bosom
 from you,
 Large garlands, as if to protect you from heavy showers of
 shafts from the god of love.
 She fears an attack of Love upon you, and lies away hidden ;
 She wastes away, Mád hava, parted from you !

Full of seductive art she makes and prepares, as a rite, a bed of
 flowers,
 A couch for the rapture of your embrace, of flowers like heads of
 the arrows of Love.
 She fears an attack of Love upon you, and lies away hidden ;
 She wastes away, Mád hava, parted from you !

Like the moon with its streams of nectar welling when rent by
the teeth of the frightful Rahu,*

So her face like a lotus she bears, so proud and heavy and stream-
ing with troubled tears.

She fears an attack of Love upon you, and lies away hidden ;
She wastes away, Mádharma, parted from you !

She depicts you in secret, with a piece of musk for pencil, you
her Káma, her Love,

As the god of love—the monster beneath, the mango sprout in
your hand—and worships.

She fears an attack of Love upon you, and lies away hidden ;
She wastes away, Mádharma, parted from you !

You are very remote, to be summoned before her only in spirit,
through dwelling upon you ;

She laments, she laughs, she is gloomy, she is restless and
walks, she releases her sorrow.

She fears an attack of Love upon you, and lies away hidden ;
She wastes away, Mádharma, parted from you !

She says, "At your feet I am fallen, O Mádharma ! Long as averted
your face is from me

Not even a store of nectar may soothe, but tend to increase the
fire of my fever."

She fears an attack of Love upon you, and lies away hidden ;
She wastes away, Mádharma, parted from you !

* The moon in eclipse.

This poem of Shri Jayadeva, containing the words of the
 friend of the herd-girl Rádhá
 Who sorrowed in Hari's absence, should be acted if real
 delight is sought.
 She fears an attack of Love upon you, and lies away hidden;
 She wastes away, Mádhava, parted from you !

* * *

Her house into a forest she turns, and into a noose the garlands
 change,
 Even the garlands given to her by her cherished friend ;
 The warmth of her body her gasping breath has fanned into
 flames ;
 She has taken the form of a doe through the pain of your absence,
 And, alas, how Love like a tiger in sport, acts upon her like death !

2. *To the melody Deshákya and the accompaniment Ekatali.*

The wasted one feels heavy upon her
 The haughty necklace, though placed on her bosom—
 O Keshava, Rádhiká parted from you !

The sandal unguent, soft and delicate,
 She suspects to be poison upon her body —
 O Keshava, Rádhiká parted from you !

Like the burning heat of the fire of passion
 Her heavy breathing radiates heat—
 O Keshava, Rádhiká parted from you !

More cruel than a thunderbolt you if you cure not with nectar-
 like touch of your body
 The disease of Rádhá, O you Vishnu dear to the Ashvins,
 physicians of heaven.

Her body is wholly tormented by the heat of the flame of desire;
 Her mind, when even at times in thoughts of the moon and
 sandal and lotus,
 Even then it is still exhausted, uncooled—most strange to relate!

But only of you, so loved, she thinks in her languor,
 Your extinguishing body ; secluded she waits, all wasted—
 A short while, perhaps, surviving she lives.

Formerly even a moment when weary she closed her eyes,
 The moment's parting she could not endure, from the sight of
 you ;
 And now in this long separation, O how does she breathe
 Having seen the flowery branch of the mango, the shaft of Love?

To you who hear this poem may welfare be given by the arm of
 Kamsa's destroyer,
 That arm of the herdsman which pulled up and held over terri-
 fied herdsfolk the hill of Govardhana
 To shield them from rain, the wrath of Indra,
 That arm a long while kissed by the herd-girls beloved, in their
 joy,
 And marked with the red of their lips, the red like the issuing
 pride of that arm !

V Sá kanksapundarikáksah



"I stay here ; you go to Rádhá ; conciliate her with my words,
and bring her !"

So himself did Madhu's enemy say to the friend ; and she came
to Rádhá and said :

**1. To the melody *Deshivaráđi* and the
accompaniment *Rúpaka*.**

When breezes blow from the Malayan mountain, longing grows
and increases ;

When clusters of flowers open in bloom, torn are the hearts that
are parted.

He droops, separated from you, O friend, the wearer of garlands !

When he appears to be dead, at the time, even then, when the
cold moon is burning,

He wails in dejection beneath the falling of shafts from the god
of desire.

He droops, separated from you, O friend, the wearer of garlands !

When he hears the noise of swarms of bees, he covers his ears
from their humming ;

Pain he feels, night after night, of a heart in love that is parted.
He droops, separated from you, O friend, the wearer of garlands !

He dwells beneath the roof of the forest, discards his lovely
garland ;

He tosses in bed, on the floor of the forest, repeating your name
in murmurs.

He droops, separated from you, O friend, the wearer of garlands !

Give his place in your heart to Hari, when the poet Jayadeva
 has spoken,
 Your heart full of passion because of this poem which sings
 of love's separation.
 He droops, separated from you, O friend, the wearer of
 garlands !

Again in the grove of the love-god, Mādhava dwells on the past
 events of his amours—
 His amours with you—and ceaselessly mutters, repeating the
 talks between you ;
 And yearns for that nectar again, the embrace of your breasts
 like pitchers.

**2. To the melody Gurjara and the
 accompaniment Ekatāli.**

He has gone into the trysting place, full of all desired bliss, O you
 of lovely hips, delay no more !
 O go forth now and seek him out, him the master of your heart,
 him endowed with passion's lovely form.
 He dwells, the garland wearer, in the forest by the Jamna, in the
 gentle breezes there,
 The swelling breasts of gópi girls who crushes ever with his rest-
 less hands.

Softly on his flute he plays, calling to the meeting place,
naming it with notes and saying where ;

And the pollen by the breezes borne, the breezes which have been
on you, that pollen in his sight has high
esteem.

He dwells, the garland wearer, in the forest by the Jamna, in
the gentle breezes there,

The swelling breasts of gópi girls who crushes ever with his rest-
less hands.

On fallen feathers of the birds, on leaves about the forest floor,
he lies excited making there his bed,

And he gazes out upon the path, looks about with trembling eyes,
anxious, looking out for your approach.

He dwells, the garland wearer, in the forest by the Jamna, in the
gentle breezes there,

The swelling breasts of gópi girls who crushes ever with his
restless hands.

Depart, my friend, now to that grove, impenetrable in its dark,
and put upon yourself your cloak of black ;

Discard the anklets on your feet, betraying—noisy tim'id foes—
which dance with clatter in the sport of love !

He dwells, the garland wearer, in the forest by the Jamna, in the
gentle breezes there,

The swelling breasts of gópi girls who crushes ever with his
restless hands.

O you with your complexion fair, Hari's breast will make you
shine, that cloud with necklace as of flutter-
ing cranes,

And there where merit-fruit is eaten, lightning you will seem in
radiance, Kṛṣṇa then in love-play lying
beneath you !

He dwells, the garland wearer, in the forest by the Jamna, in the
gentle breezes there,
The swelling breasts of gópi girls who crushes ever with his
restless hands.

There on that bed of tender leaves, O lotus-eyed, embrace his
hips, his naked hips from whence the girdle
drops,

Those hips from whence the garment falls, those loins which are a
treasure heap, the fountain and the source of
all delight !

He dwells, the garland wearer, in the forest by the Jamna, in the
gentle breezes there,

The swelling breasts of gópi girls who crushes ever with his rest-
less hands.

O act according to my words, and satisfy with no delay the
longing in the love of Hari now !

Or otherwise now, like the ceasing of this night close on its end,
that haughty one's desire will cease for you.

He dwells, the garland wearer, in the forest by the Jamna, in the
gentle breezes there,

The swelling breasts of gópi girls who crushes ever with his
restless hands.

O worship Hari, to be welcomed in resembling merit, and who
shows so much of mercy to

His devotee, the poet Shri Jayadeva, who now makes this
utterance of a very lovely song !

He dwells, the garland wearer, in the forest by the Jamna,
in the gentle breezes there,

The swelling breasts of gópi girls who crushes ever with his
restless hands.

Among couples drunken with lust and gone with adulterous
 intent, attained to confusion, indulging in talk,
 What shameless delights are there not in the darkness, after
 embracing and scratching and rousing desire and
 kissing,
 After excitement, and starting the actions fulfilling desire !

O lovely face, the adorable one after seeing how you cast your
 trembling and fearful glances along the darkened road,
 Pausing at every tree, tardily walking, arriving in secret, your
 limbs in motion like waves of Love,
 May he then realise his desire !

On the sweet and lotus-like face of Rádhiá, he who resembles a
 bee,
 Devaki's son, as a blue gem fit for the crests of the lords of
 the triple world,
 He who is death to the lords of the earth,
 And among the herd-girls whenever he wishes a source of
 pleasure-disturbance,
 And to Kamsa the star of destruction ; may he protect you !

VI Dainyavaikuntakumkumah



Then the friend having seen in a bower Rádhá—
 unable to move, her passion abiding—
 Went to Govinda, who was maddened with longing, and said

*1. To the melody Gondákari and the
 accompaniment Rúpaka.*

In secret on every side she sees you
 Drinking the honied sweet of her lips.
 Lord Hari, where Rádhá stays now she wilts away !

Her ardour breaks out at the thought of a tryst—
 She totters a few steps forward and falls.
 Lord Hari, where Rádhá stays now she wilts away !

She may live no longer without your skil,
 She who wears bracelets of white lotus fibres.
 Lord Hari, where Rádhá stays now she wilts away !

Her attention then to love-ornaments drawn,
 "I am Vishnu," she says and lives thus acting.
 Lord Hari, where Rádhá stays now she wilts away !

Again and again she keeps telling her friend,
 "O why must Hari delay to come ?"
 Lord Hari, where Rádhá stays now she wilts away !

The mighty darkness resembling a cloud,
 As if Hari's arrival, she clasps and kisses.
 Lord Hari, where Rádhá stays now she wilts away !

Ready for her lover, with shame all gone,
 She moans, she cries, because you delay.
 Lord Hari, where Rádhá stays now she wilts away !

Where people delight in song may joy
 Be spread by this poem of Shri Jayadeva !
 Lord Hari, where Rádhá stays now she wilts away !

* * *

Cast into such a troubled condition of love by you, O you rogue,
 That deer-eyed one, submerged in the sea of love, sits given to
 gloom ;
 She is full of alarm, she utters indrawn sighs,
 Nonsense she talks, and she moans ; because of her love for you.

Of her jewels abundant her limbs she adorns, and spreads out
 her bed—
 Imagining you on her fluttering couch of leaves—
 And so to indulge, in a hundred ways, in the sport of love
 She is fully resolved, arranging her bed with every adornment;
 Not another night may that beautiful girl endure without you!

Wherefore such apathy, Kṛṣṇa, beside the fig tree ?
 O brother, why not go to the pasture of eyes, the abode of bliss?
 Of Govinda, cherishing that message concerning Rádhá, may the
 suitable songs of welcome for guests at evening prevail !

VII Nágaranarāyaṇaḥ



Then the moon, as a sandal spot on the face of the maiden the
sky,

Like one with the guilt of obstructing the passage of secret love,
Brightens, flooding with light of a network of beams,
The open spaces among the leaves of the wood of Vṛndāvana.

As the moon's disc, bearing the hare, began to arise and
Mādhava still delayed,
She, most wretched in anguish, began to lament :

*1. To the melody Málava and the
accompaniment Yati.*

He fails to come to the wood at the time appointed, alas !
My spotless beauty of youth without blemish—all useless this !
O to whom shall I go, deceived by the words of my friends ?

When I went to the tryst at night, to the thicket, looking for him,
Then with the cruel arrows of love was this heart of mine
studded.
O to whom shall I go, deceived by the words of my friends ?

Death as a blessing will come to me, whose tryst has been
broken ;
How can I bear the fire of being parted ? I stay in a stupor !
O to whom shall I go, deceived by the words of my friends ?

Alas this night, though tender and pleasant, but makes me
wretched—
A fortunate woman now lies, perhaps, in Hari's enjoyment.
O to whom shall I go, deceived by the words of my friends ?

These bangles of mine and the rest of my jewels seem faulty
Because of enduring the flame of being parted from Hari, alas!
O to whom shall I go, deceived by the words of my friends ?

The garland upon my heart gives pain to my flower-soft body
With the heavy play of the very venomous arrows of love.
O to whom shall I go, deceived by the words of my friends ?

Madhu's destroyer has no recollection of me, he forgets me ;
Here I linger with no desire for the bamboo bowers.
O to whom shall I go, deceived by the words of my friends ?

Sarasvati, goddess of Jayadeva the protected of Hari,
May she dwell in your heart like a girl who is tender and
skilful !
O to whom shall I go, deceived by the words of my friends ?

My lover has failed to come to the trysting place, the bower of
beautiful vanjula creepers ;
It is perhaps that his mind is dazed, or perhaps that he went to
another woman,
Or lured perhaps by festive folk, that he delays,
Or perhaps along the dark fringe of the forest he wanders lost.

Seeing the despairing and silent return of her friend, arriving
alone,
Rádhá imagined she clearly saw the people's tormentor dis-
porting himself
With another, a beautiful woman, and said :

**2. To the melody Vasanta and the
accompaniment Yati.**

Dressed for the occasion in the customary garb of love,
Her hair all dishevelled and the flowers there all disarranged—
A certain girl, excelling in her charms unrivalled, dallies with
the enemy of Madhu.

Transformed into another being, it seems, by the embrace of
Hari,
All quivering the necklaces upon her breast curved like a jar—
A certain girl, excelling in her charms unrivalled, dallies with the
enemy of Madhu.

Her face, a moon, is fondled by the fluttering petals in her hair,
The exciting moisture of his lips induces languor in her limbs—
A certain girl, excelling in her charms unrivalled, dallies with the
enemy of Madhu.

Her earrings bruise her cheeks while dancing with the motion of
her head,
Her girdle by the tremor of her moving hips is made to tinkle—
A certain girl, excelling in her charms unrivalled, dallies with the
enemy of Madhu.

She laughs because she gets embarrassed when she looks upon
her lover,
In many ways she utters senseless sounds, through fever of her
love—
A certain girl, excelling in her charms unrivalled, dallies with the
enemy of Madhu.

He decorates with crimson flowers her curly tresses, curls which
 are upon her lively face a mass of clouds,
 Flowers with crimson flashings lovely in the forest of her tresses,
 haunt of that wild creature love's desire.
 In a forest on an island in the Jamna he sports, Mura's enemy,
 defeating me today.

Around the spacious heaven of her firm set breasts besmeared
 with musk, adorned with hare-shaped marks made
 with his nails,
 He winds about and fastens there upon her neck the necklaces,
 of pure and precious pearls the necklaces.
 In a forest on an island in the Jamna he sports, Mura's enemy,
 defeating me today.

Diamond bracelets that resemble bees in clusters he puts upon
 her hands so snowy and so tender and so cool,
 Her hands with tender lotus palms surpassing in their smooth-
 ness the tenderness of stalks of lotuses.
 In a forest on an island in the Jamna he sports, Mura's enemy,
 defeating me today.

A girdle set with jewels, like a festal wreath, he binds around her
 large and lovely hips, her ample loins,
 From whence her thighs, clothed modestly, are always as the
 home of Love and where upon his golden throne Love
 sits.
 In a forest on an island in the Jamna he sports, Mura's enemy,
 defeating me today.

Upon her lotus stalks of feet he smears lac, as if they are being
 covered by an outer garment there,
 Her feet adorned with toe-nails as of gems, and to the heart of
 him attached with love whose home is Kamalā.
 In a forest on an island in the Jamna he sports, Mura's enemy,
 defeating me today.

While with some girl of lovely eyes Hala's that wicked brother
 sports, tell me, O my friend, wherefore must I
 Keep dwelling here so uselessly, here beneath this branch, and
 without taste for all the pleasures of desire ?
 In a forest on an island in the Jamna he sports, Mura's enemy,
 defeating me today.

Acquired in this Kali age may no sin abide in him, that
 prince of poets who is Jayadeva,
 Whose place to Madhu's slayer is devotion, and who glows
 with taste, praising all the qualities of Hari !
 In a forest on an island in the Jamna he sports, Mura's enemy,
 defeating me today.

O my friend, if that heartless rogue has failed to come,
 Why, O my messenger, should you be anxious !
 If he sports, the much beloved, as he pleases, how may the fault
 be yours ?

Know that this heart of mine,
 Drawn into union, drawn by his virtue to him my lover,
 Will go of itself to him, breaking through the pain of my longing!

4. *To the melody Deshavarádí and the accompaniment Rúpaka.*

She who with the wearer of the garland lies in dalliance,
 With him, as in a wind blue lotuses, whose eyes are tremulous,
 Not scorched is she, my friend, by the couch of flowers !

She who with the wearer of the garland lies in dalliance,
With him whose lovely mouth is like a lotus that is opening,
Not rent is she, my friend, by the arrows of desire !

She who with the wearer of the garland lies in dalliance,
With him whose words are nectar in their sweetness and their
tenderness,
Not burnt is she, my friend, by the sandal-scented breeze !

She who with the wearer of the garland lies in dalliance,
With him whose hands and feet resemble flowers of red hibiscuses,
Not writhing she, my friend, in the furnace of the moon !

She who with the wearer of the garland lies in dalliance,
With him who flashes, as of heavy clouds of rain a gathering,
Not torn in heart is she, my friend, through love in separation !

She who with the wearer of the garland lies in dalliance,
With him who wears a garment streaked with gold, all white and
beautiful,
Not made to sigh is she, my friend, derided by her girls !

She who with the wearer of the garland lies in dalliance,
With him the first of all young men throughout the world, the
very foremost,
Not in a way most pitiful, my friend, must she bear pain !

She who with the wearer of the garland lies in dalliance,
With him she sports, that Hari, he whose words are sung by
Jayadeva
Through which may Hari enter in your heart !

O brother of the love god, O breeze of sandal blowing from the
 south,
 Be gracious, not unfavourable !
 O breath of the world, present before me Mád hava but for a
 moment only
 And take away then the breath of my life !

In his absence, like the presence of an enemy my friends are to
 me ;
 Like fire the cold wind burns, and the moon burns like poison ;
 His absence of passion quite breaks my heart ;
 And distasteful to me the desire unrestrained of the other lotus-
 eyed women.

Torment me, O Malayan breeze, O five-arrowed one,* O taker of
 lives,
 I shall not go home again !
 O sister of death, graciously sprinkle my limbs with your waves,
 And then extinguish the fire of my body !

With the contours of her firm breasts showing in the yellow
 jacket beneath,
 Among a group of friends Rádhá cloaked in blue in the morning
 He sees, and laughs with no restraint,
 Filling her face all over with sidelong glances, trembling with
 shame,
 Nanda's son ; may he delight the world !

VIII Vilakshyalakshmīpatiḥ



Then having somehow passed the night, and withered by the
 arrows of love,
 She reproachfully said to her lover at dawn, though he bowed in
 her presence imploring with soothing words:

**1. To the melody *Bhairavi* and the
 accompaniment *Yati*.**

By breaking so much rest at night, his eyes today look very
 reddened, and resemble passion in their colour,
 His eyes the abode of drowsiness, and showing his addiction to
 desire that so readily awakens.

Alas ! Alas ! Go, Mádharma ! Go, Keshava ! Desist from uttering
 these deceitful words !

Follow her, you lotus-eyed, she who can dispel your trouble,
 go to her !

Your mouth, O Kṛṣṇa, darkened, enhances—making beautiful
 —the crimson beauty of your lovely body,
 Enhances with a darkness, a blackness that arises from the
 kissing of eyes coloured with black unguent.

Alas ! Alas ! Go, Mádharma ! Go, Keshava ! Desist from uttering
 these deceitful words !

Follow her, you lotus-eyed, she who can dispel your trouble,
 go to her !

Like a letter that declares the victory of love, and done in silver
 and in gold and set with gems,

So your body now assumes the look—with scars of love-war
 marked upon it, scratches made there by her
 fingernails.

Alas ! Alas ! Go, Mádharma ! Go, Keshava ! Desist from uttering
 these deceitful words !

Follow her, you lotus-eyed, she who can dispel your trouble,
 go to her !

As if upon the tree of love, its foliage, the patches there, the
coverings of the tender leaves and sprouts,
So on this haughty breast of yours the patches here, the markings
from the red of lac made by her lotus foot.

Alas! Alas! Go, Mādhava! Go, Keshava! Desist from uttering
these deceitful words!

Follow her, you lotus-eyed, she who can dispel your trouble,
go to her!

Made by her tooth the bruise, an imprint, on your lip I see,
makes pain for me, gives anguish to my mind;
And your body—does it not proclaim that you are no more mine,
that you have parted now from me, that you have
changed?

Alas! Alas! Go, Mādhava! Go, Keshava! Desist from uttering
these deceitful words!

Follow her, you lotus-eyed, she who can dispel your trouble,
go to her!

I who follow you devoted—how can you deceive me, so tor-
tured by love's fever as I am?

O Kṛṣṇa, like the look of you, your body which appears so
black, that heart of yours a blackness shall assume!

Alas! Alas! Go, Mādhava! Go, Keshava! Desist from uttering
these deceitful words!

Follow her, you lotus-eyed, she who can dispel your trouble,
go to her!

In your wanderings through the forest the way you ravish
women, O what is there so wonderful in that?
The Putanikā yakshi proclaims to all your feat of youth—in your
pitiless destruction of the women!

Alas! Alas! Go, Mādhava! Go, Keshava! Desist from uttering
these deceitful words!

Follow her, you lotus-eyed, she who can dispel your trouble,
go to her!

Let those who understand give ear to this—the lamentation,
 the wail of women destitute in love,
 The grief of being neglected, sung by Shri Jayadeva, in heaven
 even rare and sweet as nectar.
 Alas! Alas! Go, Mádhave! Go, Keshava! Desist from uttering
 these deceitful words!
 Follow her, you lotus-eyed, she who can dispel your trouble,
 go to her!

The sight of your flow of a love of a bosom aglow with patches of
 lac from the foot of your sweetheart
 Causes my shame to take the place of my sorrow born of my
 great love being destroyed.

May blessings be bestowed by the sound of the flute of Kamsa's
 foe,
 The sound of the flute removing the difficult grief of the gods by
 the dánavas humbled,
 The sound of the flute, the great invitation to the deer-eyed
 women, stirring, delighting, and making them bold,
 The sound bringing down from the crests of the dwellers of
 heaven, swaying with pleasure, the mandára flowers!

IX Mugdhamukundah



Then to Rádhá—after the quarrel, depressed over Hari's
behaviour,
Wounded by longing, afflicted by love, her friend said in secret:

***1. To the melody Gurjara and the
accompaniment Yati.***

In the blowing of a gentle breeze Hari departs for the tryst ;
What greater pleasure than this, my friend, to be found in the
world anywhere ?

Alas, put an end to this pride towards Mádhaba, haughty
woman !

Your beautiful breast with its shape like a jar, why should it
serve no end,

Your breast so full of passion and firmer than fruits of the
palmyra palm ?

Alas, put an end to this pride towards Mádhaba, haughty
woman !

That exceedingly charming one, avoid him not, that beautiful
Hari !

Through every stage of your love, and now, how much have I
spoken of this !

Alas, put an end to this pride towards Mádhaba, haughty
woman !

Why are you cast down, why do you sob and cry, why so
dejected ?

Your friends, they make merry over you, all the girls, they
laugh in derision !

Alas, put an end to this pride towards Mádhaba, haughty
woman !

Cause your eyes to do their work by seeing Hari beside you,
Hari, lying in your bed, all cool, of lotus petals moist.

Alas, put an end to this pride towards Mádhaba, haughty
woman !

Why allow this heavy sorrow and grief to arise in your heart ?
 Listen to me what I have to say, to my words of good advice.
 Alas, put an end to this pride towards Mádharma, haughty
 woman !

Let Hari meet you, allow him to speak to you in tender words;
 How are you able to make his heart so full of pain and so
 wretched ?
 Alas, put an end to this pride towards Mádharma, haughty
 woman !

May Hari's behaviour, very charming, sung by Shri Jayadeva,
 Increase among the people of taste their happiness and
 pleasure !
 Alas, put an end to this pride towards Mádharma, haughty
 woman !

Because you are cruel to one who loves you, unbending to one
 who bows, angry with one who desires, averting your
 face from this your lover,
 Therefore, perverted one, that unguent is poison, that moon is
 the sun that burns, that snow is fire, and the pleasure
 of sport is punishment ;
 And that all this should be so, it is only right !

Let us worship for sin's destruction Shri Govinda's lotus foot,
 like the flow of the Ganges thick, as it were, with the
 juice of flowers,
 With the hosts of heaven, for bees, Indra and all the others,
 delighted, with blue sapphires in their crests, and
 bowing in deep devotion.

X Caturacaturbujah



Then in the day's decline when Rádhá—softened in anger, weak
 in restraint against her ceaseless sighs—
 Was awaiting the message her friend would bring, Hari with
 faltering steps of joy, shyly went to that beautiful
 one and said :

***1. To the melody Deshavarádl and the
 accompaniment Ashta.***

If you speak but a little the moon-like gleam of your teeth will
 destroy the darkness frightful, so very terrible, come over
 me ;

Your moon of a face which glitters upon my eye, the moon-
 bird's eye, now makes me long for the sweet of your lips.

O loved one, O beautiful, give up that baseless pride against me!
 My heart is burnt by the fire of longing ; give me that drink so
 sweet of your lotus face !

O you with beautiful teeth, if you are in anger against me, strike
 me then with your finger nails, sharp and like arrows,

Bind me, entwining, with the cords of your arms, and bite me
 then with your teeth, and feel happy punishing !

O loved one, O beautiful, give up that baseless pride against me!
 My heart is burnt by the fire of longing ; give me that drink so
 sweet of your lotus face !

You are my life, and you are my ornament, you are the jewel,
 the gem, in the depth of the ocean of all my being,

So be gracious to me, and thus continue to be, and my heart shall
 always endeavour to be most worthy of you !

O loved one, O beautiful, give up that baseless pride against me!
 My heart is burnt by the fire of longing ; give me that drink so
 sweet of your lotus face !

O slender one, in your anger today even your eye, a blue lotus,
assumes now the look of a crimson lotus ;

But if through the power of the flower-arrowed one, the love
god, you make the blue Kṛṣṇa crimson that action
is only right !

O loved one, O beautiful, give up that baseless pride against me!
My heart is burnt by the fire of longing ; give me that drink so
sweet of your lotus face !

Let the radiant cluster of gems that glitter upon your jar-shaped
breast make bright the region of your heart !

Let your girdle upon the swelling curve of your hips so firm
make a tinkling sound, proclaiming Love's command!

O loved one, O beautiful, give up that baseless pride against me!
My heart is burnt by the fire of longing ; give me that drink so
sweet of your lotus face !

O you with your gentle voice, but speak ! With lac I shall redden
the soles of your feet and make them glisten with oil,
Your pair of feet surpassing hibiscus flowers, delighting my heart,
your feet unrivalled in amorous play.

O loved one, O beautiful, give up that baseless pride against me!
My heart is burnt by the fire of longing ; give me that drink so
sweet of your lotus face !

As an ornament place upon my head your proud and stalk-like
feet, as a cure for the venom of desire !

O let your feet remove the change now made by the pitiless fire
of love, which burns and which destroys !

O loved one, O beautiful, give up that baseless pride against me!
My heart is burnt by the fire of longing ; give me that drink so
sweet of your lotus face !

All this song with these words of Mura's foe, adorned with the
 beautiful speech of the poet Jayadeva,
 Tender and skilful and full of delight, prevails, having won over
 Rádhá, and flattering haughty women.
 O loved one, O beautiful, give up that baseless pride against
 me !
 My heart is burnt by the fire of longing ; give me that drink so
 sweet of your lotus face !

Abandon your fears, O anxious one, but for the love god—that
 bodiless one—none is so blest as to enter my heart,
 tenanted ever by you with your hips and breasts so firm.
 When you embrace me, my sweetheart, inflict upon me then,
 as a penalty, all the things that result in the bondage
 of that embrace !

Pressing upon me your breasts so hard, entwining me with your
 vine-like arms, biting me with your merciless teeth,
 inflict upon me, foolish one, the suitable penalty !
 Then through the blows of Love—that base one, the five-
 arrowed—my life will depart from me, you rogue, and
 you shall be happy !

A cure unfailing, O moon-face one, is the nectar of your lips,
 A cure for destroying the fear in the hearts of the young men
 who see in their infatuation your eyebrow-curve as a
 deadly serpent.

To no purpose, O slender one, you pain me with silence !
 Make music, O you of sweet notes, and dispel my
 heat with your glances !
 O you of the beautiful face, but give up aversion to me, to me
 your lover, sweet one, so tenderly waiting on you ;
 elude not me !

Your lips are one with the colour of bandhuka blossoms, and
the tender skin of your cheek, you rogue, gleams pale
like the madhuka flower ;

The beautiful blue of the lotus is shown in your eyes ; your nose
resembles the sesamum flower ;

And altogether, O loved one, with you, O you with your teeth of
jasmine, the god whose weapons are flowers
conquers the world with the hosts of your face !

With your languorous eyes, your glistening mouth like the moon,
your gait the delight of the people,
your thighs excelling the trunk of the plantain ;

With your skilful amorous play, with the sweet and beautiful
streaks of your eyebrows ;

How wonderful, slender one, though on earth, the way you bear
in your person the nymphs of heaven !*

May that Hari, bestow more happiness, that Hari who met the
Kūvalayapīda demon in battle and saw in the jar-
shaped hands of the demon the likeness of Rādhā's
breasts, and sweated and closed his eyes a moment ;

So that Kamsa, deluded, began to cry, "Subdued ! He is con-
quered ! He is overcome !"

* An elaborate pun here, untranslatable, giving the names of the nymphs.

XI Sānandadāmodarah



At nightfall, which robs one of sight, when Keshava, suitably
clothed, after soothing the deer-eyed one, and gone to
the thicket,

A certain young woman said to Rádhá—who was cheerful now
and had put on her jewels and looked like the sun :

***1. To the melody Vasanta and the
accompaniment Yatl.***

Who made a song of coaxing words, bowing at your feet in
homage,

And gone now to the lovely clump of bamboos, to the bed of
passion,

O foolish woman, follow him who looks with favour now,

O Rádhá, Madhu's slayer !

O you who bear the weight of heavy thighs and heavy breasts,
come hither

With tardy tread that shames the goose and with your jewelled
anklets tinkling,

O foolish woman, follow him who looks with favour now,

O Rádhá, Madhu's slayer !

Listen to his lovely noise, infatuating, end your yearning

Where the flocks of cuckoos praise the reign of him whose
bow is flowers !

O foolish woman, follow him who looks with favour now,

O Rádhá, Madhu's slayer !

O you with thighs like elephant trunks, these creepers with
their hands aflutter,

Their tendrils waving in the wind, appear to ask you to the
meeting !

O foolish woman, follow him who looks with favour now,

O Rádhá, Madhu's slayer !

Consult your jar-shaped breast on which are spotless streams of
 necklaces,
 Which quivers undulating on the waves, the surging force of
 passion !
 O foolish woman, follow him who looks with favour now,
 O Rádhá, Madhu's slayer !

Your friends are all aware, you rogue, that you are ready for
 love's conflict,
 Go, your belt aloud with bells, shameless, amorous, to the
 meeting !
 O foolish woman, follow him who looks with favour now,
 O Rádhá, Madhu's slayer !

O you with arrows of Love for nails, leaning on your friend,
 seductive
 Go to Hari, his ways are known, and know him by his bracelets'
 tinkling !
 O foolish woman, follow him who looks with favour now,
 O Rádhá, Madhu's slayer !

May this song of Jayadeva dwell upon the necks of people
 Given to Hari, necks the beauty of their necklaces surpassing.
 O foolish woman, follow him who looks with favour now,
 O Rádhá, Madhu's slayer !

She will see me, her speech that of love, herself in the bliss of a
 close embrace, intimate, limb to limb, sporting in
 dalliance, O friend, having come !
 Full of this thought the lover he sees her, imagining, in the
 grove in a mass of deep darkness,
 And he trembles, thrilled, feels glad, perspires, and attempts to
 step forward, and swoons.

Beautiful, a robe of black, the darkness which has caused them
 to smear on their eyelids black unguent,
 And wreaths of clusters of tapiccha blossoms over their ears and
 garlands of dark coloured lotuses over their heads and
 streaks of musk across their bosoms, O friend,
 The darkness embracing the limbs of those beautiful rogues,
 the herd-girls, excited, in haste to go to the tryst.

Dark like tender tamála leaves the darkness shaped with an
 outline everywhere by the flashing clusters of jewels of
 the women gone to the tryst,
 The women whose bodies are yellow with saffron,
 The darkness the touchstone, the test of the gold of his love.

Then in the entrance to his hut in the thicket, lit by the central
 gems of his gold belt's pendant and the gems of his
 garland and on his anklets and earrings,
 She pointed out Hari to Rádhá her friend, Rádhá so shy, and
 said :

2. To the melody Varádí and the accompaniment Rúpaka.

O you who bear on your face the smile that comes of the ardour
 of passion,
 Sport with him whose love-abode is the floor of the beautiful
 bower !
 O Rádhá, go to Mádhava, go in here !

O you whose necklaces tremble upon your breast resembling a
 pitcher,
 Sport there where the bed of lustrous ashoka sprouts is a treasure
 O Rádhá, go to Mádhava, go in here !

O you whose body, tender and soft, resembles tender blossoms,
Sport there in that beautiful place, an abode made of heaps of
flowers !

O Rádhá, go to Mádhava, go in here !

O you who fear in alarm the shafts of desire falling in showers,
Sport in that place which is lovely and cool with Malayan
breezes blowing !

O Rádhá, go to Mádhava, go in here !

O you the curves of whose lovely hips are heavy and full of
languor,

Sport long in that place so dense with sprouts of many wide-
spreading creepers !

O Rádhá, go to Mádhava, go in here !

O you whose heart is full of the longings of him whose arrows are
flowers,

Sport in that place which is filled with the sound of bees who
delight in sweetness !

O Rádhá, go to Mádhava, go in here !

O Mura's foe bestow a hundred blessings on Jayadeva,
The king of the kings of poets, who sang your praises and
made for Padmavatí a happy circle.

O Rádhá, go to Mádhava, go in here !

He is tired, having borne you so long in his heart,
 he is burn . by Love, and desires to drink of
 your lips contracted with nectar ;
 So adorn his lap for a moment here in this place that was given
 in fear to your slave, your slave who was bought with
 a little part of the wealth of a frown,
 Your slave who has worshipped your lotus foot.

Her eyes to Govinda turning desirous, anxious and with delight
 She entered the abode of Love, her beautiful anklets tinkling.

3. To the melody *Varádí* and the accompaniment *Yati*.

She looked on Hari who desired only her, on him who for long
 wanted dalliance,
 Whose face with his pleasure was overwhelmed and who was
 possessed with Desire,
 Hari on whose body the waves of many changes appeared at the
 sight of her face
 Like the ocean in dance with its waves ascending when seeing
 the face of the moon.

She looked on Hari who desired only her, on him who for long
 wanted dalliance,
 Whose face with his pleasure was overwhelmed and who was
 possessed with Desire,
 After embracing her long and ardently, Hari with his necklace
 of pearls,
 Hari like the Jamna in a mighty flood with its necklace of
 specks of foam.

She looked on Hari who desired only her, on him who for long
 wanted dalliance,
 Whose face with his pleasure was overwhelmed and who was
 possessed with Desire,
 On Hari whose body was dark and tender, clothed in a garment
 of yellow,
 Like a lotus blue-coloured whose centre is circled around by a
 mass of pollen.

She looked on Hari who desired only her, on him who for long
 wanted dalliance,
 Whose face with his pleasure was overwhelmed and who was
 possessed with Desire,
 Who engendered passion with his face made lovely through
 tremblings of glancing eyes,
 Like a pond in autumn with a pair of wagtails at play in a full-
 blown lotus.

She looked on Hari who desired only her, on him who for long
 wanted dalliance,
 Whose face with his pleasure was overwhelmed, and who was
 possessed with Desire,
 Who was adorned with earrings like suns come to clasp his lotus
 of a face,
 And who for her lips—with a sweet smile gleaming, lovely,
 like sprouts—felt a longing.

She looked on Hari who desired only her, on him who for long
 wanted dalliance,
 Whose face with his pleasure was overwhelmed, and who was
 possessed with Desire,
 Whose hair had beautiful flowers, like a cloud with moonbeams
 studded within,
 And whose brow had the sandal spot unblemished, like the disc
 of the moon in the dark.

She looked on Hari who desired only her, on him who for long
 wanted dalliance,
 Whose face with his pleasure was overwhelmed, and who was
 possessed with Desire,
 Whose body was thrilling all over, restless, because of his skill in
 love,
 Whose body was lovely because of the ornaments, flashings of
 many gems.

She looked on Hari who desired only her, on him who for long
 wanted dalliance,
 Whose face with his pleasure was overwhelmed, and who was
 possessed with Desire.
 O people, place Hari for ever in your hearts, Hari the source of
 all merit,
 By whom, in the wealth of Jayadeva's poem, all beauty of
 art has been doubled !

Like the gushing of the shower of sweat in the effort of her travel
 to come to his hearing,
 Rádhá's eyes let fall a shower of tears when she met her beloved,
 Tears of delight which went to the ends of her eyes and fell on her
 flawless necklace.

When she went near the couch and her friends left the bower,
 scratching their faces to hide their smiles,
 And she looked on the mouth of her loved one, lovely with
 longing, under the power of love,
 The modest shame of that deer-eyed one departed.

May Nanda's son be happy to show you infinite joy,
 Nanda's son laying gentle hands on Rádhá, and placing her in
 his arms, and suddenly stirred and embracing her close,
 And looking round over his back, craning his neck, and fear-
 ing, "May her firm high breasts not pierce and break
 through my body !"

The rod-like punishing arm of Mura's slayer prevails,
 That arm which drips with the blood of the demon, playfully
 killed,
 Kuvalayapida, elephant-like, that arm upon which the goddess
 of victory scattered the mandára flowers,
 That arm self-marked, as it were, with lac, the blood, the sign
 of the joy of fighting the demon.

XII Suprítapítámbarah



When the group of her friends had departed, Hari looked on his
sweetheart Rádhá, she who was amorous, her eyes on
the couch of flowers, a smile of desire on her lip,
Rádhá released of her heavy load of shame, and he said :

*1. To the melody Vibhása and the
accompaniment Ekatáli.*

O you woman with desire, place upon this patch of flower-strewn
floor your lotus foot, upon this bed of sprouts,
And let your foot through beauty win, contending with the bed's
appearance, this bed of sprouts which is so fair to see !
To me who am Naráyana,* O be attached, now always yours !
O follow me, my little Rádhá !

You came here journeying from afar, enduring much, so with
my lotus flowers of hands I shall adore your feet ;
Use me always on the bed, me, valiant in being attached, as if I
were an anklet for your use !
To me who am Naráyana, O be attached, now always yours !
O follow me, my little Rádhá !

Make pleasant conversation now and make complacent speech
like drops of nectar falling from your face, the moon ;
As if it were the garment on your bosom which conceals your
breasts, I shall remove the pain of being parted !
To me who am Naráyana, O be attached, now always yours !
O follow me, my little Rádhá !

To extinguish now my fire of passion lay your breast upon my
 bosom, place your jar-shaped breast against my breast,
 Which seemed so hard for me to have, your lovely breast, elusive,
 and impatient for the pleasures of embrace !
 To me who am Naráyana, O be attached, now always yours !
 O follow me, my little Rádhá !

O lovely woman, give me now the nectar of your lips, infuse new
 life into this slave of yours, so dead,
 This slave whose heart is placed in you, whose body burned in
 separation, this slave denied the pleasures of your love !
 To me who am Naráyana, O be attached, now always yours !
 O follow me, my little Rádhá !

O moon-face woman, make the bells upon your jewelled girdle
 tinkle, mimicking the noises of your throat,
 And now at last destroy that pain of those from loved ones
 severed—the agony of listening to the cuckoos !
 To me who am Naráyana, O be attached, now always yours !
 O follow me, my little Rádhá !

Your eyes now looked upon by me extinguishes that me which
 was embodiment of very shame itself,
 Me made unhappy by your anger undeserved, me made to feel
 so uselessly the agony of longing !
 To me who am Naráyana, O be attached, now always yours !
 O follow me, my little Rádhá !

Among all tasteful people may this song of Jayadeva create a
 state of passionate delight,
 This poem which in every verse proclaims the satisfaction in the
 pleasure of the love of Madhu's slayer.
 To me who am Naráyana, O be attached, now always yours !
 O follow me, my little Rádhá !

Their love play grown great was very delightful, the love play
 where thrills were a hindrance to firm embraces,
 Where their helpless closing of eyes was a hindrance to longing
 looks at each other, and their secret talk to their
 drinking of each the other's nectar of lips, and
 where the skill of their love was hindered by bound-
 less delight.

She performed as never before throughout the course of the
 conflict of love, to win, lying over his beautiful body,
 to triumph over her lover ;
 And so through taking the active part her thighs grew lifeless,
 and languid her vine-like arms, and her heart beat
 fast, and her eyes grew heavy and closed ;
 For how many women prevail in the male performance !

In the morning most wondrous, the heart of her lord was smitten
 with arrows of Love, arrows which went through his
 eyes,
 Arrows which were her nailed-scratched bosom, her reddened
 sleep-denied eyes, her crimson lips from a bath of
 kisses, her hair disarranged with the flowers awry,
 and her girdle all loose and slipping.
 With hair knot loosened and stray locks waving, her cheeks
 perspiring, her glitter of bimba lips impaired,
 And the necklace of pearls not appearing fair because of her
 jar-shaped breast being denuded,
 And her belt, her glittering girdle, dimmed in beauty,
 And all of a sudden placing her hands on her naked breasts, and
 over her naked loins, to hide them,
 and looking embarrassed ;
 Even so, with her tender loveliness ravaged, she continued to
 please !

The happy one drank of the face where the lips were washed with
the juice of his mouth,

His mouth half open uttering amorous noises, vague and deli-
rious, the rows of teeth in the breath of an indrawn sigh
delightedly chattering.

Drank of the face of that deer-eyed woman whose body lay
helpless, released of excessive delight, the thrilling
delight of embraces, making the breasts both flaccid
and firm.

Then Rádhá--free of love's obstacles, Rádhá whose lover lay
prone in her power, exhausted through pleasure of
love --

Said with a wish for adornment :

2. To the melody Ramakarí and the accompaniment Yati.

She said to the joy of her heart, the delight of the Yadus,
O delight of the Yadus, depict here and make a design, a pattern,
with musk on my breast,

My breast the twin of the festal pitcher of love, depict with your
hand which is cool !

She said to the joy of her heart, the delight of the Yadus,
O loved one, renew the kohl on my eyelids, shaming a cluster of
bees, being blacker,

The kohl you have smudged with your kisses, the black on my
eyelids releasing the arrows of Love !

She said to the joy of her heart, the delight of the Yadus,
 O you appalled so lovely, wear on the lobes of your ears ear-
 rings which shame
 Your dancing deer-eyes, on the lobes of your ears which bear
 the noose of the play of Desire !

She said to the joy of her heart, the delight of the Yadus,
 Adorn the curl on my brow which puts the lotus to shame,
 my spotless brow,
 The curl which brings about laughter, which makes on my
 beautiful forehead a cluster of bees !

She said to the joy of her heart, the delight of the Yadus,
 O lotus face, make a beautiful spot on my forehead, a spot with
 the paste of the sandal,
 Like a digit of the hare-marked moon, make on the moon of my
 brow, which is sweating no more !

She said to the joy of her heart, the delight of the Yadus,
 O giver of pride, on my tresses, untidy now on account of desire,
 place flowers,
 My curls, excelling the feathers of peacocks, in which the whisk
 is the banner of Love !

She said to the joy of her heart, the delight of the Yadus,
 O you with a beautiful heart, place on my hips the girdle, the
 clothes, and the jewels—
 Cover my beautiful loins, luscious and firm, the cavern of Love
 to be feared !

She said to the joy of her heart, the delight of the Yadus,
 Full of compassion, O place your heart in the words of the song
 of Shri Jayadeva
 Ridding with nectar this sinful age of its fever recalling the feet
 of Hari !

Make a pattern upon my breasts and a picture on my cheeks and
 fasten over my loins a girdle,
 Bind my masses of hair with a beautiful garland and place many
 bracelets upon my hands and jewelled anklets upon
 my feet !
 And so he who wore the yellow garment did as she told him.

Whatever is of the condition of love's discernment shown with
 beauty in poetic form, and all skill in the art of
 heaven's musicians, and all of reflection on Vishnu,
 All such you may joyfully see, wise people, in this the song of the
 Lord of Herds, made by the poet devoted to him, the
 wise Jayadeva.

May the art of poetry seen in this poem be in the mouths of those
 who are dear to Parāshara and the others,
 This poem of Shri Jayadeva the son of Rāmādevi and Shri
 Bhojadeva.
 Jayadeva's words of insight wherever known, like love's own
 glorious flavour,
 There, O drink, not pleasant is the thought of you any more ;
 and hardly sweet you become, O sugar ; and who,
 O wine, would want to look on you ?
 O nectar, you are no more immortal ; and like water you taste,
 O milk ; and you have to lament, O mango ; and
 cease to compare, O beautiful lip.

May pure and unclouded joy and prosperity come from the
 movements of hands of the Best of Men, amorous hands
 delighting in breasts resembling the prayága fruit,

Hands in performance of many forms of amorous play with
 Rádhá beside the Jamna

On the bank where coquettish tresses were waving, at the tryst
 where his black hair mixed with her necklace of pearls, where
 the dark Jamna meets the Ganges' white stream at Prayága.

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